In the Balearic Islands—No. 1.

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Special Correspondence of the Associated Press.

PALMA, Majorica, Jan. 27.—In these days of strong and swift steamers plying between England and all Mediterranean ports, it is but a voyage of two nights and a day from Gibraltar to the city of Palma, the capital of the Spanish dependency and province of Balearica, comprising the Balearic Islands; or, if you are wintering in Southwestern Spain, you may journey in a night from Valencia or Barcelona to this least visited and most beautiful of all Mediterranean regions.

Your steamer is seldom out of sight of some huge or tiny Mediterranean craft, and there is always consciousness of pleasant nearness of other human interests and a quiet and restful sense of companionship upon this great landlocked sea, although it is longer than the Atlantic is broad between Newfoundland and Ireland, I have never known or felt on other waters. However treacherous the Mediterranean has been to others, I have never seen its face save in its blandest, sweetest mood; when its skies were fair, the sunshine above it mild and loving, its airs zephyrus and dreamful, and its face as blue and smiling as a rift of June-day heaven.

Then, too, before the tropic night settles softly upon sea and land like a perfumed, translucent cloud of darkening pearl, there is spread before you such a reach of grand and glorious coast-line—the real "Afric's coral strand" of transcendent beauty, and not the dread coast of the old missionary hymn—as renders true picturing impossible; the whole changeful panorama of headland, beach, forest, glittering village and noble bay, backed along the ragged southern horizon by the eternal peaks of the Atlas heights, which even under tropic suns soar above the clouds to the region of silences, ghostly and phantomful with their crowns of snow and ice.

The very air upon this sea is odorous as with thyme and balm. The fancy, quickened by tradition and oriental mysticisms, builds wondrous creations surpassing the wildest and most fabulous tales of the "Arabian Nights." Snug in a steamer chair, one reclines and dreams. Subtle essences as from lotus flowers mingled with subtler rose attars touch the sense and bind in sleep. The deck stewards must be similarly enthralled, for you are never rudely disturbed as on the Atlantic liner; and through all the caressful night, while the stars grow and glow above, and the silent phosphorescent sea pulses and throbs in pale flames beneath, you near this radiant haven of this radiant, storied sea.

THE SUN RISE.

Then for a time all is still. The night and sleep and languorous tropic airs enfold and hold until the dawn has come. The great steamer with her now silent enginery, softly tugging at her anchor chain, has drifted with the tide until her stately prow nods gracefully to the quaint city upon the heights. Your chair happens to stand amidships upon the port side. There are sweetest zephyrs playing through the riggings of the curious craft upon the bay. These kiss your face until your eyes open lazily, as one who awakens in regret at the dispelling of a pleasing dream. And yet they open as though you are but knowing another dream. They awaked upon morning in Palma; morning so really a dream, so dreamful a reality, that no painter's art has ever caught a single recognition of its glory.

Here, just as the sun is rising, between the sea's bed of crimson and the awakening city are swaying on the gentle tide hundreds of strange and curious craft, a wild conglomerate of the marine architecture of the Mediterranean, their yellow spars but a moment since like giant reeds above the gloaming of a shadowy marsh, now pinked from tip to socket with the glorious sunlight, which hints in its play upon their gaudy ensigns of the lands where their home havens lie; while far out on the water's horizon, rounding Cape Figuera behind, comes the morning fleet of fisher-boats, their sails of every striking hue, and the songs of the fishers stealing across the distance in faint but melodious rythm.

Here and there are Turkish vessels with tremendous single sails, square built fore and aft like a settler's log cabin. Shores of the clumsy felucoas from Crete and the Ionian Islands, the chebecs of the Arabs, and the identical great-boats of the olden pirates, lie low in the water roundabout, their half naked Greek or Arab sailors, lithe of limb and nut-brown of face, vividly recalling those glorious days of Barossa, booty and blood. But quainter than all are the rare old tubs from Chioggia and Venice, with the same high prows and sterns they had in the days of the Doges. They come with the glass of Murano, and carry back the corn, oil and wine of the Soller and Valdemosa, and on the bow of each craft is painted an effigy of the Virgin, an endless supplication to the waves against every form of evil and peril at sea.

And there, facing the shining sea and colorful harbor scene, rises from the shore more gracefully than Naples, as fair as Algiers, as tropical in type and seeming as Havana, the amphitheater-like city of Palma; once the brightest pearl of the seagirt isles; still, stately, silent, beautiful; with tone and tint of the Orient in its pinnacles and minarets, its dome-shaped belfries and its weird and shadowy palms. Lovingly contemplating the exquisite picture, its romantic history old and new flutters from the hiding places of memory and troop clear and distinct into your musings; even as the morning doves of Palma sweep from the thousand shadowy homing niches of its massive cathedral, and, alighting on buttress, peak, battlement and spire, form processional silhouettes of burnished puce and blue against the eastern sky.

AN OLD RACE.

Out of the mythic days come brave old tales of the folk that flourished here. The inhabitants, a heroic race, fought naked with slings; and from the dexterity of the warriors the islands became known as *Balearica*, county of the strong-armed slingers. The old legends have it that their marvelous proficiency with this weapon was attained through the mothers refusing their children food until "they could sling it down" from beams or branches on which it was hung. This very city of Palma is built upon the ruins of the old Roman town founded by Quintus Cecilius Metellus, who conquered the islands with galleys "plated with ox-hides and skins as a protection against the fatal strokes of the Balearic slingers."

Ruled in turn by Vandals and Goths, the islands eventually fell into the hands of the Moors, shortly after southern Spain became prey to the hordes of Gebr-al-Tarek. Curiously the people of the islands reached their highest prosperity under their African rulers who taught them all the arts and cruelties of piracy, until the Balearicans became master of and spread terror over the entire Mediterranean. The isles were thus merged into a clear yet terrible commonwealth, whose power was often courted and employed by neighboring sovereigns. The accumulation of treasure was enormous; so great as to invite cupidity of invasion and even to "holy" crusades; until Don Jayme I, King of Aragon and Count of Barcelona, in September 1229, sailed for Palma with a fleet of 150 galleys and 18,000 men, principally Catalunian peasant warriors. Palma fell. The males of the mixed race of pirate Moors and Balearicans were butchered, sold as slaves, or banished to the African coast. The women became the slaves and wives of the the Catalonian peasant warriors. The islands were partitioned off among the followers of Don Jayme I., founding a titled land-holding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe ever knew. The then independent kingdom of Balearica, under eventual vassallage to Pedro IV., of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish dominion. With mothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood and fathers from the sturdy, sluggish and over-contented Catalunian stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless clime and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have moulded a race fine in physique, supple of limb, cheery of temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to find and know.

Having left the beautiful, sleepy, sunlit bay for Palma's streets, you have entered a city of nearly 70,000 souls, where Italy, Spain and Algeria seem to have formed a charming composite in architecture and people. The hugeness of walls is everywhere remarkable. Everything is constructed as if for eternal lasting. No street is beautiful, but not one fails of a picturesqueness that is often weird and grotesque. Every structure possesses in some portion, and frequently in the most unexpected position, some wonderful and ornate ornamentation. Tiny squares with wimpling fountains are set in all sorts of odd corners. A huge church may tower on the one side of each of these. At a corner may stand, or project from a curious and seemingly unnecessary wall, a massive carved facade or gargoyle from which the water is endlessly flowing. At another side a mass of vines and verdure, capped to the sight by far domes or spires, is only visible. Outjutting at another spot, the angle of some huge building seems to have pushed its way half across the plaza and with its galleries, balconies and tremendous overreaching roof is ready to pitch headlong into the open space beneath. While another sunny side shows only a roof of red tiles sloping like a tent cover, unpierced by a single aperture, from an interminable height wholly to the edge of a stone cloister-like porch beneath.

CURIOUS SIGHTS.

In all open spaces are palm-trees. And these, rising from courts, lifting their spreading fronds high above roofs from darkened thoroughfares, often leaning, like the tower of Pisa, out of quaint old courts, and here and there being preserved by an entire building constructed around them, lend a dreamful, mystic, almost lonesome and pathetic coloring to every massing of structures upon which the eye may rest. To me, the palm, whether I have seen it in southern Spain, in Sicily, in Morocco, in Algeria, in Cuba, or here in Palma, whose name had its origin in the former extraordinary number of palm-trees upon the island, has always been an emblem of dolorous isolation and inexpressible loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedoin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggests the endless hopelessness and impassibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it, and those who know and love the maple, beech and oak.

It is a city of steep ascents and ill-paved streets, but of witching old bits of curious architecture, and perhaps as lovely and splendid interiors as any Moorish or semi-Moorish city can show. All the houses retain features of Moorish taste and evidences of mediæval forms of habitation and living. They are not higher than three or four stories at best. More have but the ground floor with an upper one, and an attic called a porcho. Invariably the entradas to the interior are studies in carved arabesques and fanciful Moorish designs. Balconies are as universal and huge or as lace-like and fragile as in Granada or Seville. A marked peculiarity of all structures is their huge projecting roofs, spread out like pent-houses and frequently most inscinatingly worked out and decorated. And the lowliest home in all Palma is charming in its patio or court—that loveliest of all interior arrangement around which Moslem or Christian home can be built.

Every one of these courts is a place of beauty, sunshine and song. In every one there is the melodic sound of water from running jetty or fountain. In every one, whether glittering with splendor marble columns and daintily wrought arches or softened in tones with mossy stone and crumbling tiles, there are waving ferns and flowers. Vines clambor wantonly over entablature, arch and balustrade. The alcobas of all living in these abodes are within the sound of friendly calling voice. And not one is without birds of gay plumage and birds with endless song. I often wonder why the rich of our own land do not build their homes like these. A dome of glass instead of the blue Mediterronean sky, is all the change required. Banish the pall-like hangings and withering shadow-places from your stuffy homes, and learn to live in the life-giving light like the Latin and the Moor. Put your great New England fireplaces opposite your arched entrances; and make of these sunlit open courts places of beauty, lightsomeness, melody and homeside joy.

FEAST DAYS.

Only when the feast and processional days come is Palma a gay and brilliant city. At all other times it is sunny, restful, slumberous and almost silent. Its street folk are the same as of any other southern Spanish city. There is greater content here. No one is in a hurry. Among the lowly folk there is less excitability; greater good nature, and the latter is of the gentle not the uproarious sort. Here, as in Madrid, is your lechero or milkman who drives his cows in from the country and milks for you before your door. The dulcero or seller of sweets, with his songful call by day and his tinkling bells by night, is here. The cochero or cabman, with comfortable landaulet and pretty diligence, will serve you faithfully without guile. The mercanchiste or notion peddler, the aquador, or water seller, the regatero or huckster, who has the sociable habit of entering the shop or home with his donkeys and paniers, the zapatero or archway shoemaker and the latonero or tinker, whom I have found to be Spanish Gipsy, are all here in their lazy, pleasant and picturesque way.

By day Palma seems to the stranger to be continuously experiencing something like a soft dreamful buzz of activity in all human affairs. Perhaps it is the reaction of some great business tension, you fuminate. But no; each day is as the day before it. Everything is gently done. No one is astir before ten in the morning. Then the pretty market attracts of bevies of beautiful women and maids. This is followed by the noontime siesta. The shops are bright and brilliant until evening; but everything is quiet and restful within. In the evening the cafes are ablaze with light; the parks and passeos are thronged with gay caballeros and lovely senoritas. Still there is a hush and tranquillity in all sounds and seemings. As the night advances, in every quarter of the olden city is heard the mandolin and guitar, tremulous, pathetic, sweet; like the echo of real tones rather than the vibrant notes themselves. Zephyrus breezes pulse from Afric's shores. The shipping rocks gently upon the star-mirroring bay. Go where you will, all is life until long after midnight, but tender and subdued as if the witchings of the tropic airs lulled to repose yet withheld from sleep. And at last as the centinelas of the fortresses upon the heights have chanted answers to their challengers with: "Ave Maria Purisima!—La una, y todo sereno!" you seek your couch in sweet old Palma of the Isles, your heart giving back the centinela's answer that "All is well!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

RUSSIAN JEWS AND TYPHUS.

No Connection Between the Two—A Woman's Interesting View.

Mrs. B. MacGahan in Philadelphia Press.

In view of the sincere efforts made by Americans to help relieve suffering from famine in Russia, I think it but due to the public to try and correct a few of the most persistent misrepresentations of Russian affairs current in the American press.

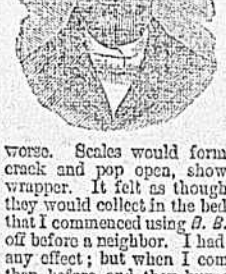
1. No typhus has been imported to this country from Russia. The Russian Hebrews that came over on the Massilia, as is officially stated by Dr. Edson, left Odessa, Russia, on October 3, 1891, more than four months ago; while, according to all medical authorities, the incubation period of typhus does not exceed twenty-one days.

2. The Hebrews could not have brought over the famine typhus from Russia, first, because at the time of their departure from that country there was no typhus there; and, secondly, because the famine district is restricted to Great Russia, from which Jews always were and are excluded by law. Where famine prevail there are no Jews, and in localities where there are Jews there is no famine, unless we exclude the government of Kherton, where there was a partial failure of crops last year. Hence all stories about Jews being persecuted by Russians in the famine region are preposterous. There are no Jews of any kind there, unless a few smuggle themselves in by means of bribing the underpaid lower police officials.

3. It is not just to declare that Russia dumps her paupers on American soil. Real Russians, the Rusiian Slaus, of the uneducated classes never emigrate to America. They prefer to go to Southern Siberia, which is exceedingly fertile. The Hebrews that come to America cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered Russians. All Slavs belong to the Aryan race, while the Jews are Semites. Confined as they are to the pale of Jewish settlement, where they were found when that territory was annexed to Russia—a part of Russia nearly eight times the size of England and Wales—the Jews never mix with Great Russians, occupying the central and eastern portions of the empire, and consequently are deeply ignorant of Russian life and manners, and cannot be expected to care one whit for the Russian nationality.

Far from dumping the Hebrews on these shores, the Russian government was at first reluctant to let them go. This fact is confirmed by the official report of Mr. Arnold White, the English agent of Baron Hirsch, who prided himself on the feat he achieved in obtaining the promise of the St. Petersburg government that the Russian Hebrews will not be hindered from emigrating from Russia.

Engineers of railroad trains in Texas and most of the Western states carry revolvers and sometimes rifles on their engines.



A PATRIOTIC WORK.

Every person who is opposed to Free Trade Slavery and favors American Industrial Independence secured through the policy of Protection, should read the documents published by the American Protective Tariff League. As a patriotic citizen, it is your duty to place these documents in the hands of your friends. They are interesting and instructive, and embrace discussions of all phases of the Tariff question. The League publishes over 50 different documents, comprising nearly 600 pages of plainly printed, carefully edited and reliable information. Among the authors of these documents are, Hon. James G. Blaine; Wm. McKinley, Jr., Governor of Ohio; Senator S. M. Cullom, of Illinois; Senator Joseph N. Dolph, of Oregon; Senator A. S. Paddock, of Nebraska; Senator Frye, of Maine; Senator Casey, of North Dakota; Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont; Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey; Hon. Robert P. Porter, of Washington; Prof. J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department at Washington; Commodore W. H. T. Hughes; Hon. E. A. Hartshorn, of New York; Congressman Dolliver, of Iowa; Hon. B. F. Jones; David Hall Rice, of Boston; Ex-Congressman Perkins, of Kansas; Dr. E. P. Miller, of New York; Hon. Geo. Draper, of Mass.; Hon. C. L. Edwards, of Texas; Judge Wm. Lawrence, of Ohio; Hon. D. G. Harriman, of New York; Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, of Mass.; Hon. E. H. Amidown, of New York; Enoch Ensley, of Tennessee.

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